FLYERS' TRAINING JUST LIKE LIFE IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Eighth Grade Pupils Are Moved Along to Higher Course

COLLEGE COMES AT FRONT

Best of Them Never Get Done Learning, According to Wise Old Timers

TRAINING CENTER ON ITS TOES

More Than Mere Flying

More Than Mere Flying

Mere flying may be as simple as running an automobile, but circling around over a battlefield observing for artillery with shells bursting near and hostile machines in the air or bombing, or harshines with machine gun fire is much more than mere flying. The successful military aviator is a man trained high in the technique of his craft, with a whole bag of tricks that the old exhibition flyers, for instance, didn't need to know anything about.

Becoming an aviator in the A.E.F. is like going to school all over again. At the biggest training center, simple and advanced flying is taught. There are eight fields, like the cight grades of our grammar school, and the beginner starts at the first and completes his course at the eighth.

In the first grade, he runs a "grass cutter." He learns about the motor and the controls and skims around the field earl the biggest training center, simple and advanced flying is taught. There are eight fields, like the cight grades of our grammar school, and the beginner starts at the first and completes his course at the eighth.

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After this he graduates from the grammar school of aviation and is ready for "high school."

At the Airmen's High School

"High school" is another training center. If the pupil is to be a bomber, he goes to bombing school; if an observer, he attends an observer's school. If he is going in for combat or chasse work, he becomes an expert on the machine gun. In any event, the aviator must be more than a mediocre machine gun. In any event, the aviator must be more than a mediocre machine gun. In any event, the aviator has a lot to learn after he leaves school, and this higher knowledge egets at his work. At the front he learns fast. One experienced aviator said the other day:

"Most people learn something new every day, but a war time aviator does better than that—he learns two or three things a day, and sometimes a whole lot more."

The largest training camp of the

In the largest training camp of the A.E.F.—all of them for that matter—grew quickly. Ten months ago its site was a series of grass grown fields dotted with a few wooded stretches and bisected with small guilles. It was eight to ten miles from a railroad.

Itale last summer a company of Rail-may Engineers arrived at the nearest town on the railroad line and began to lay a track out to the projected train-ing center. They met some obstacles in the shape of hills that they didn't bother to surmount—they simply went around —and in a few weeks finished a railroad that got where it started for even if it did go 12 miles to get nine

Muddlest Spot in France

Then came more soldiers, mostly Air ervice men, who started to work build-

Then came more soldiers, mostly Air Service men, who started to work building the training center. These men will tell you that the site was the muddlest section of France last winter (arybody who was anywhere else in France last winter is entitled to sneer at this), but they worked hard and did the job.

Now the air center is a city. There are streets and rows of long barracks, Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross buildings, offices, warehouses—even a round house and a fire department. It is a duplicate of a boom town in the West. Little locomotives switch cars of freight and supplies up and down Main Street; the general merchandise store, with a Q.M. sign over the door, does a rushing business, and men bustle about in greasy overalls and work clothes as long as there is day-light.

CANNED MONKEY MEAT DOESN'T SUIT YANKS

Awfully Nice, But They're Glad to Leave It for Somebody Else

RATION PARTY SOME TRICK

Chicken and Fresh Milk Aren't Unknown, Though, Even in Front Line

The days of free forage in a land flowing with milk and honey, as described in this newspaper a fortnight ago, lasted through the first memorable week when the Yankee troops rushed across country to pitch into the Germans at Château-Thierry. Then the cooks and supply personnel caught up with the fighters, and ever since the food problem of that sector has been the task of garnishing the French rations issued there.

The staple of that diet is a canned

Throughout the A.E.F. these are busy days—working out the final touches and putting the fluishing touches on Uncle Sam's war making machine—and no where is the activity more maked than in the Air Service.

The first references to our aviators at the front have been made in the official communique's during the last few days.

"Our aviators brough, nown two hostile machines yesterday"—"our airplanes bombed the railroad station and sidings at — last night. Several direct hits These statements have been modest. The statements have been modest.

the machines yesterday"—"our airplanes bombed the ratiroad station and sldings at — last night. Several direct hits—"

These statements have been modest diguified and laconic. But they have been momentous in their significance. They tell the message that American aviators have made a beginning. They signify something done, something dolns, and this spirit is reflected throughout the whole Air Service.

Real American Bustle

The American training centers in France are beehives of activity. Machines are in the air, engines are being tuned up. The figers are flying and the ground men are working. These camps, too, signify something done, something done, The bustle is the kind that accomplishes things—systematic, efficient, happy, American.

The United States maintains the largest a valution center in France and several smaller ones. At the biggest one most of the A.E.F. flyers get their preliminary and advanced training in the handling of aircraft, and at some of the others they learn the advanced points of the game—machine gunnery, bombing and the like.

They mean merely to fly. But mere flying, and being a military aviator in these days, is widely different. Nearly anybody can learn in a surptisingly short time to take a machine up, make a couple of circles and a landing.

More Than Mere Flying

Mere flying may be as simple as run.

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Once in a while a shell hits and cap-sizes a ration cart, and one such well-stocked wreck served in good stead a corporal and six other Marines who, in stocked wreck served in good stead a corporal and six other Marines who, in one forward rush, became isolated in a ravine and held their position there in the shelter of some rocks for a week before the American line moved forward and they were with friends once more. Out in the field near them a battered ration cart lay on its side, and each night one of the marconed Marines would craw] out on his belly and bring back food for the bunch.

One company was so dissatisfied with the menu served by the ration carts that they repeatedly and cruelly raided the

COMFORTS MOTHER

Continued from Page 1

Continued from Page 1
There the party was met by M. André Tardieu, commissioner-general for Franco-American relations, General Mordacq, his principal military secretary, and General Weigand, of the inter-Allied council at Versailles. Then—
But let the semi-official account of the conference—the details of which cannot now be given—tell the story:

"The most important of the military questions concerning Franco-American co-operation were discussed in the course of the meeting. The measures to be taken during the coming months were concerted and a complete agreement was reached on all points.

"M. Clemencau returned to Paris in the evening."

THE WEEK'S BATTLE LINE

The week ending Wednesday, June 26, witnessed the speciacular defeat of the Austrian offensive in Italy.

That offensive, to which the greater part of the Austrian army was dedicated and which was made at all, according to opinion in the Allied capitals, only on the stern insistence of Berlin, was launched on June 15 on a front of 130 kilometers from the Asiago River to the sea. The plan was to capture Treviso and Venice, overrun the northern end of the peninsula, and nullify Italy as a factor in the Alliance.

Opposed to the Anstro-Bungarian frace and infantal thick.

Treviso and Venice, overrun the northern end of the peninsula, and nullity Italy as a factor in the Alliance.

Opposed to the Austro-Hungarian forces, re-inforced this time by no German contingents, were Italian, French and British divisions. America was represented by bombing avlators, who shared in the destruction of the Piave bridges. The offensive started badly. The resistance was immediate, the Allied forces in the mountain area counter-attacking on the second and third days with such success that the Austrian right was decimated and hurled back. Along the Plave, however, the Austrians succeeded in crossing at three sectors, notably Montello and San Dona.

Their positions there proved untenable, thanks to the fierce counter-attacks of the Italians, happily reinforced by the Plave tiself, whose swollen waters swept away bridge after bridge and thus left helpless and stranded the enemy divisions which had gained a footing on the right hank.

On Sunday, those divisions began a disordered retreat, and by Tuesday the right bank was cleared of their survivors. Wedneyday brought the news that Italian cavalry had crossed to the left bank in full fursuit.

Vienna had assigned 60 divisions to the Italian offensive. Of these 40 have been identified as sharing in the battle. The Italians took 20,000 prisoners in the first 10 days and Rome estimates the enemy losses at over 200,000, or more than four times the Italian losses.

The week witnessed no major change in the battle line in France.

On the front between Soissons and Rheims, two German attacks on Bilgny Hill, near Rheims, were vigorously repulsed by Italian troops.

The American communiqués during the week reported a German raid repulsed in the Voitve and gas attacks there and in Lorraine. Further minor advances in the region northwest of Château-Thierry were reported on June 21 and June 24, and on the later date the breakdown with heavy loss of a German counter-attack south of Torcy. On Tuesday evening an American at ack south of Torcy yielded 240 prisoners, f

CAPTURED MARINE BACK WITH YANKS

captured marine back with yanks

continued from Page 1

the only American save for five or six wounded Yanks he once saw carried past him on stretchers—he was not made on of a party of prisoners to be shipped directly to the rear, but rather was handed back from group to group and made to work his way.

From sun-up to sun-down he worked with the camouflage men, masking batteries, cutting branches, and piling bough on bough of leafy green to screen the roadside heaps of ammunition boxes.

Shared Captors' Mess

He had no blankets to roll in at night, but his captors shared their mess with him, pouring out each time man unsavory soup or gruel, and tossing him chunks of carse bread to sop it up with.

Each day a different soldier took him in tow. Each day the shifting sound of the artillery told him he was gravitating any soup or gruel, and tossing him chunks of carse bread to sop it up with.

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Each day a different soldier took him in tow. Each day the shifting sound of the artillery told him he was gravitated in glowly toward the rear. Each night an armed guard watched over him.

Then one night—the seventh—the guard, who sat huddled with his back resting against a tree, dropped off to sleep. Dark was just settling over the spard, who sat huddled with his back resting against a tree, dropped off to sleep. Dark was just settling over the part of the part

Woods Thick With Them
All around him Germans were sleeping audibly. The woods were full of
them. He had heard the unintelligible,
gradually subsiding hubbub of their talk
as they settled down for the night. He
bumped into more than one of them, but
they only grunted and swore while he
held his breath and, after a time, crept
on. After a journey that seemed to last
hours and must have lasted at least ten
minutes, he reached the edge of the
woods and crawled under a bush to
think.
Very close to him the German artillery

woods and crawled under a bush to think.

Very close to him the German artillery was making an occasional crashing reply to the Allied shells which whirred nasally overhead in an unending chorus. Gunfire is as good as a compass. It was easy enough to take his bearings, and, though he could only guess how far he had moved in the days of his captivity, he thought "America" could not be more than eight kilometers away, perhaps not that far if the bunch had advanced any in the interval.

He knew his only chance was to crawl there by night and lie low by day. He started out.

All that night he crept along—hugging to listen, lying still as death when solidiers were tramping by, crawling on again, dropping flat, crawling on. All the next day he lay, hungry and thirsty, in a friendly out-field, with the grain standing straight around him so that no once would notice him from the field's edge.

Several times some soldiers made short

one would notice him from the field's cdge.

Several times some soldiers made short cuts across, and passed so close he could hear them talking. Once an artilleryman, riding a horse and leading another,

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Eaton, Crane & Pike Company Pittsfield, Mass.

BALL PLAYERS SAY THEY'RE PRODUCTIVE

Work or Fight Order Raises Hob with Elevator Men and Waiters

[BY CABLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] (By Cableto THE STARSAND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, June 27.—The War Department has explained and amplified its famous "work or fight" order, under which all men of draft age must engage in work held to be productive or join the Army. Waiters, elevator men, doormen, footmen, carriage openers and similar employees of apartment houses, clubs, and hotels are held to be non-productive, as are also domestics, sales cierks and men in similar occupations. It is estimated that in New York City alone 40,000 will be affected. The hotel men thought in their haste that they could use girl waiters, but were suddenly confronted with a neat little section in the State excise law that bars girls from handling or serving liquor.

section in the State excise law that bars girls from handling or serving liquor. One can readily foresee a great hunt for antique male waiters.

The ball players heatedly argue that they are productive, and the magnates acclaim the immense value of basoball to the morale of the nation—and also the incredible sums paid as income tax, to say nothing of the Liberty bonds bought by the players and managers. The authorities have refrained from a decision and the magnates are keeping their fingers crossed in the hope that the powers on high will not kill the national game.

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